Here af-

ter followeth a litle booke, of Philyp Sparow, compiled by Mayster Skelto Poete Laureate.

PRINCETON MUSEUM

45
6. 30
608.

Qui la ce ho
Who is there Who
Di le ri.
Dame Margery
Fa re my my
Wherefore and Why why
For ỹ soule of Philip sparowe
That was late slayne at Carowe
Among the Nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And for all sparowes soules
Set in our bede rolles
Pater noster qui
With an Aue mari
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

When I remembre agayne
How my philip was slayne
Neuer halfe the payne
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesbe
As than befell to me

I wept and I wayled
The teares do wne hayled
But nothyng it auayled
To call Phylyp agayne
Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne
Gyb I say out cat
Worrowed her on that
Whiche I loued best
It cannot be expressed
My sorow wfull heuynesse
But all without redresse
For within that stounde
Halfe slumbryng in a sounde
I fell do wne to the ground
Unneth I kest myne eyes
Towarde the cloudy skyes
But whan I dyd beholde
My sparow dead and colde
No creature but that wolde
Haue rewed vpon me
To beholde and se
What heuynesse dyd me pange
Where with my handes I wrange
That

That my lenowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strayned
That no lyfe well nye remayned
✠ I syghed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes lyfe
O mayden, wydow and wyfe
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degree
Great sorow than ye might see
And learne to weep at mee
Suche paynes dyd me frete
That myne harte dyd beate
My vysage pale and dead
wanne, and blew as lead
The panges of hateful death
Well nye had stopped my breath.

Theu heu me
That I am Woe for thee
Ad dñm cum tribularer clamaui
Of god nothynge els craue I

BUt philyps soule to keep
From the marees deep
Of Acherontes well
That is a cloud of hell
And from the great Pluto
The prince of endles Wo
And from soule Alecto
With vysage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras edders
From ruffling of philips fethers
And from her fyry sparklynges
For burnyng of his wynges
And from the smokes sowre
Of Proserpinas bowre
And from the dennes darke
Where Cerberus doth barke
Whome Theseus dyd affray
Whom Hercules dyd out fray
As famous Poetes say
For that hell hounde
That lyeth in cheynes bounde

with

with gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Philyp preserued may be
Amen say ye Wyth mee.
Do mi nus
Help now sweet Jesus
Leuaui oculos meos in montes
Wolde god I had zenophontz.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuyse
Moderatly to take
This sorow that I make
For Philip sparowes sake
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am brought
Into carefull thought
Like andromach hectors wife
Was wery of her lyfe
Whan she had lost her ioye
Noble Hector of Troy
In lyke maner also

Encreaseth my dedly wa
For my sparowe is go
It was so prety a fole
It wolde syt on a stoole
And learned after my scoole
For to kepe his cut
Wyth Phillip keep your cut
It had a veluet cap
And wolde syt vpon my lap
And seeke after small wormes
and somtime white bread crõmes
And many tymes and oft
Betwene my brestes soft
It wolde lye and rest
It was proper and prest
Somtyme he wolde galpe
Whan he saw a waspe
A flye, or a gnat
He wolde fly at that
And prytely he wolde pant
Whan he saw an ant
Lorde how he wolde pry
After the butterfly

Lorde

Lorde how he wolde hop
After the grellop
And whan I layd, phyp, phyp
Than he wolde lepe and skip
And take me by the lyp
Alas it wyll me slo
That Phillip is gone me fro
Si in i qui ta tes
Alas I was euyll at ease
De pro fun dis cla ma ui
Whan I saw my sparow dye.

NOw after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
Whose name registred was
For euer in tables of bralle
Because that she did pas
In poesy to endite
And eloquently to write
Though she wolde pretende
My sparow to commende
I trow she coulde not amende
Repoztynge the vertues all

Of

Of my sparow royall
For it wolde come and go
And flee so to and fro
And on me it wolde lepe
Whan I was a slepe
And his fethers shake
Where with he wolde make
Me often for to Wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skyn
God Wot we thought no syn
What though he crept so low
It was no hurte I trow
He dyd nothyng perdee
But syt vpon my knee
Philip though he were nise
In hym it was no vyse
Phyllyp had leaue to go
To pyke my lytle too
Philip myght be bolde
And doo what he wolde
Philip wolde seeke and take
All the fleas blake

That

That he coulde there espye
Wych his wanton eye.
¶ O pe ra
La soll fa fa
Cõfitebor tibi dñe i toto corde meo
Alas I wolde ryde and go.

A Thousãd myle of ground
If any such might befoũd
It were worth an hundreth poũd
Of kynge Cresus golde
Or of Artalus the olde
The ryche prynce of Pargame
Who so lyst the story to se
✠ Cadm⁹ that his sister sought
And he should be bought
For golde and fee
He should ouer the sea
To wete, if he coulde brynge
Any of the of sprynge
Or any of the bloud
But whoso vnderstood
Of Medeas arte

I wolde I had a parte
Of her crafty magike
My sparow thã should be quicke
With a charme or twayne
And play wyth me agayne
But all this is in vayne
Thus for to complayne
I tooke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sow with stytches of sylke
My sparow white as milke
That by representacyon
Of hys Image and facyon
To me it myght Importe
Some pleasure and comforte
For my solace and sporte
But whã I was sowig his beke
Me thought mi sparow did speke
And opened his prety byll
Sayinge, mayde ye are in Wyll
Agayne me for to kyll
Ye pricke me in the head
With that my nedle waxed red

Me thought of Phillips bloud
Mine here ryght vpstoode
And was in suche a fray
My speche was taken away
I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How commeth this to pas
My fyngers dead and colde
Coulde not my sampler holde
My nedle and threde
I threw away for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.
☞ A porta inferi
Good lorde haue mercy
✠ Upon my sparowes soule
writen in my bede roule
☞ Au di ui vo cem
Japhet cam and Sem
☞ Ma gni fi cat
Shew me the ryght path
TO the hilles of armony
Wherfore ẏ byrdes yet cry
Of

Of your fathers bote
That was some tyme a flote
And now they lye and rote
Let some portes write
Deucalyous floud it hight
But as verely, as ye be
The naturall sonnes three
Of Noe the Patriarke
That made that great arke
Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes, and soules
That yf ye can fynde
Any of my sparowes kynde
God sende the soule good rest
I Wolde haue yet a nest
As pretty and as prest
As my sparowe was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All sparowes of the Wood
That were syns Noes flood
Was neuer none so good
Kyng Philyp of Macedony
Had no suche Philyp as I

No no syr hardely
That vẽgeaunce I alke & cry
By way of exclamacyon
On all the whole nacyon
Of cattes wylde and tame
God send them sorow and shame
That Cat specyally
That slew so cruelly
My lytle prety sparow
That I brought vp at Carow
O cat of carlyshe kynde
The feend was in thy mynde
Whan thou my byrd vntwinde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynde
The leopardes sauage
The lyons in theyr rage
Myght catche ỹ in theyr pawes
And gnawe the in their iawes
These serpents of Lybany
Myght stynge thee venemously
The dragons with their tunges
Myght poyson thy liuer & lunges
The mantycors of ỹ montaynes

Myght

Wyght feed them on thy brayne
✠ Melanchates that hounde
that plucked Acteon to the groũd
Gaue him his mortall Wounde
Chaunged to a deere
The ſtory dooth appeere
Was chaunged to an harte
So thou foule cat, that thou arte
The ſelfe ſame hounde
Wyght thee confound
That his owne lorde bote
Wight byte a ſunder thi throte
✠ Of Inde the gredy gripes
Wight teare out all thy trypes
Of Arcady the beares
Wyght plucke away thine eares
The wylde wolfe Lycaon
Byte a ſonder thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brennyng hyll
That dai and night brenneth ſtyll
Set in thy tayle a blaſe
That all the worlde may gaſe
And wonder vpon thee

From

From Occyan the great sea
Unto the Iles of Ozchady
From Tylbery fery
To the playne of Salysbery
So trayterously my byzde to kyll
That neuer ought the euyl wyll
Was neuer birde in cage
Moze gentyll of cozage
In doyng his homage
Unto hys souerayne
Alas I say agayne
Death hath departed vs twayne
The false cat hath thee slayne
Fare wel Philip a dew
Our Lozde thy soule reskew
Farewell without restoze
Farewell foz euer moze
And it were a Iew
It wolde make one rew
To se my sozow new
These vylanus false cattes
Were made foz myse and ratte
And not foz byzdes smale

Alas myface Wareth pale
Tellyng this pitcous tale
How my birde so fayre
That Was Wont to repayre
And goe in at my spayre
And crepe in at my goze
Of my goune before
Flickeryng with his winges
Alas my hert it stynges
Remembryng prety thinges
Alas myne hert it sleth
My Phillippes dolefull death
When I remembre it
How pretely it wolde syt
Many times and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played With him tittel tattell
And fed him With my spattel
With his byll betwene my lippes
It was my prety Phyppes
Many a prety kusse
Had I of this swete musse
And now the cause is thus

That

That he is slayne me fro
To my great payne and wo
Of fortune, this the chaunce
Standeth on variaunce
Oft tyme after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce
No man can be sure
Alway to haue pleasure
As well perceyue ye may
How my disport and play
From me was taken away
By Gyb our cat sauage
That in a furyous rage
Caught Phillyp by the head
And slew him there starke dead.
✠ Kyrieleyson Xpeleyson
Kyrie leyson.

FOr Philip sparowes soule
Set in our bede roule
Let vs now whisper
A Pater noster
☞ Lauda anima mea dominū.

To weep with me loke ỹ ye come
Al maner of byrds in your kinde
See none be left behynde
To morning looke that ye fast
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep and some to pray
Euery byrde in his lay
The Goldfinche, the Wagtayle
The ianglyng Jay to rayle
The flecked Pye to chatter
Of thys dolorous matter
And Robyn red brest
He shalbe the preest
The Requiem masse to syng
Softly warbelyng
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chatteryng swallow
This hearse for to halow
The Larke with his long toe
The spinke & the Martynet also
The shouelar with his brode bek
The doterell that folysh pek

And

And also the mad coote
With a balde face to toote
The felde fare and the fnyte
The crowe and the kyte
The Rauyn called rolfe
His playne songe to solfe
The partryche, the quayle
The plouer With vs to wayle
The woodhacke ẏ singeth churre
Horsly as he had the murre
The lusty chaũtyng nightyngale
The Popyngay to tell her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the Gospell at masse
The mauys with her whistel
Shall rede there the Pistell
But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaũters shalbe ẏ Cuckoue
The Culuer, the Stockedoue
With puwyt the Lapwynge
The versycles shall synge
The Bitter with his bumpe

The Crane with his trumpe
The swan of Menander
The Goose and the Gander
The Ducke and Drake
Shall watche at this wake
The Perocke so proude
Bycause his voyce is loude
And hath a glorious tayle
He shall synge the Grayle
The Owle that is so foule
Must helpe vs to houle
The Heron so gaunte
And the cormoraunte
With the Fesaunte
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the chutlisshe chough
The roure and the kough
The barnacle, the bussarde
With the wylde mallarde
The diuendop to sleep
The water hen to Weep
The puffyn, and the tele
Boney they shall dele
To poore folke at large

That shalbe theyr charge
The semew, and the tytmose
The wodcocke with ỳ long nose
The threstil with her warblyng
The starlyng wyth her brablyng
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fysshes to afray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtyll mosse trew
At this placebo
We may not well forgoe
The countryng of the co
The storke also
That maketh his nest
In chymneyes to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abyde
Of cokoldry syde
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye
The Estryge that will eat
In horsshow so great

In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat
His stomake so great
He cannot well fly
Nor syng tunably
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assayde
To solfe aboue Ela
Ga lorell fa fa
Ne quando
Male cantando
The best that we can
To make him our Selman
And let him ryng the belles
He can doo nothing els
Chaunteclere our Locke
Must tel what is of the clocke
By the astrology
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuer taught
By Albumazer
The Astronomer

Nor

Nor by Ptholomy
Prince of Astronomy
Nor yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nyghtly the tides
That no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whom no wand then
He plucketh by the hed
Whan he dothe her trede
The birde of Araby
That potencyally
May neuer dye
and yet there is none
But one alone
A Phenex it is
This herle that must blys
With armaticke gummes
That cost great sumes
The way of Thurification
To make fumigation
Sweet of reflarye
And redolent of ayre

This

This corse for to sence
With great reuerence
As Patryarke or Pope
In a blacke cope
Whyles he senseth
He shall synge the verse
Libera me
In de la sol re
Softly bemole
For my sparowes soule
Plinni sheweth all
In his story naturall
What he dothe finde
Of this Phenix kinde
Of whose incineracyon
There riseth a new creacyon
Of the same facyon
without alteracion
Sauing that olde age
Is turned into corage
Of freshe youth agayne
This matter trew and playne
Playne matter in deed

Who so lyst to rede
But for the Egle dothe fly
Hyest in the skye
He shalbe thy se deane
The quere to demeane
As prouost principall
To teache them theyr ordinal
Also the noble fawcon
With the gerfawcon
The tarsell gentyll
They shall morne soft and styl
In theyr amysse of gray
The sacre with them shal say
Dirige for Phillippes soule
The Goshauke shall haue a roule
The queresters to controule
The lanners and marlyons
Shal stād i their mournīg gounz
The hobby and the musket
The sensers and ẏ crosse shall fet
The kestrell in all this warke
Shalbe holy water clarke

And

And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away Phebus bright
Taking his course toward ỳ West
god sẽd my sparoes soule good rest
℣ Requiem eternam dona eis dñe.
Fa fa fa my re re
℟ A poz ta in se ri
Fa fa fa my my
℟ Credo viderebona domini.
Ipray god phillip to heuẽ may fly
℟ Domine exaudi oracionẽ meã.
To heuen he shall frõ heuẽ he cam
℟ Do mi nus vo bis cum
Of all good prayers god send him
Oremus. sum
Deꝰ cui ppriũ est miserere et ppere.
On phillips soule haue pytie.

HOz he was a prety cocke
And came of a gentil stocke
And wrapt in a maydens smocke
And cherisshed full daynsely
Tyll cruell fate made him to dye
Alas

Alas for dolefull deſteny
But where to ſhul I
Lenger morne or cry:
To Jupiter I call
Of heauen emperyall
That Philip may fly
Aboue the ſtarry ſky
To treade the pyety wyen
That is our Laydies hen
Amen, amen. amen
Yet one thyng is behinde
That now commeth to mi minde
An Epytaphe I wolde haue
For Phillips graue
But for I am a mayde
Tymerous, halfe a frayde
That neuer yet a layde
Of Elycones well
Where the muſes dwell
Though I can rede and ſpell
Recounte, reporte and tell
Of the tales of Launter bury
Some ſad ſtoryes, ſome mery

As Palamon, and Arcet
Duke Theseus, and partelet
And of the wyfe of Bath
They worketh muche scath
Whan her tale is toide
Among hus Wyues bolde
How she controlde
Her husbandes as she wolde
And them to despyse
In the homyliest wyse
Bring other wyues in thought
Their husbādes to set at nought
And though that redhaue I
of Gawen and syr Guy
And tel can a great peece
of the golden fleece
How Jason it wan
Lyke a valyaunt man
Of Arturs rounde table
with his knightes commendable
And dame Gaynour his Queene
Was somwhat wanton I wene
How syr Launcelote de iake
Many

Many a spere brake
For his ladyes sake
Of Trystram and kyng Marke
And all the Whole warke
Of bele Isold his Wyfe
For whom was much stryfe
Some say she was lyght
And made her husband knight
Of the comyne hall
That cockoldes men call
And of sir Libius
Named Disconius
Of quater kyns Amund
And how they were commonde
To Rome to Charlemayne
Upon a great payne
And how they rode eche one
On Bayarde Mountalbon
Men se him now and than
In the forest Arden
What though I can frame
The storyes by name

Of Judas Machabeus
And of Cesar Julius
And of the loue betwene
Paris and vyene
And of the duke of Hannyball
What made the Romaynes all
For drede and to quake
How Scipion dyd wake
The citie of Cartage
Whiche by his vnmercifull rage
He bete downe to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troye
That was all theyr ioye
Whom Achilles slew
Wherfore all Troy dyd rew
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cresseyde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton willes
Pandare bare the billes
From one to the other

his

His mayſters loue to further
Somtyme a precious thyng
An ouche or els a ryng
From her to him agayn
Somtyme a prety chayn
Or a bracelet of her here
Prayed Troylus for to were
That token for her ſake
How hartely he did it take
And muche therof did make
And all that was in vayne
For ſhe byd but fayne
The ſtory telleth playne
He coulde not obtayne
Though his father were a king
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wring
She made him to ſing
The ſong of louers lay
Muſing night and day
Mournyng all alone
Comfort had he none
For ſhe was quite gone

Thus in conclusyon
She brought him in abusion
In ernest and in game
She was moche to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemysshed is her name
In maner half with shame
Troylus also hath lost
On her muche loue and cost
And now must kys the post
Pandara that went bet weene
Hath won nothyng I weene
But lyght for somer greene
Yet for a speciall laud
He is named Troyllus baud
Of that name he is sure
Whyles the worlde shall dure
Though I remembre the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband moste trew
Yet longe tyme she ne knew
Whether he were on lyue or ded
Her wyt stood her in sted

That

That she was true and iust
For any bodely lust
To Ulixes her make
And neuer wolde him forsake
Of Marcus Marcellus
Aprosles I could tel vs
And of Antiocus
And of Josephus
De antiquitatibus
And of Mardocheus
And of great assuerus
And of Uesca his queene
Whome he forsoke with teene
And of Hester his other wyfe
With whom he led a pleasaũt life
Of king Alexander
And of kyng Euander
And of Porcena the great
That made ỹ romayns to smart
Though I haue enrolde
A thousand new and olde
Of these hystoryous tales
To fyll bougets and males

With bookes that I haue red
Yet I am nothing sped
And can but litle skyl
Of ouyd or Virgill
Or of Plutharke
Or Frauncis Petrarke
Alcheus or Sapho
Or suche other Poetes mo
As Linus and Homerus
Euphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon an Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Dimonides
Philistion and Phorocides
These Poetes of auncientie
They are to diffuse for me
For as I to for haue layd
I am but a yonge mayd
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englysh wordes elect
Our naturall tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude

With

With pulliſhed termes lufty
Our language is ſo ruſty
So cankered and ſo full
Of frowardes and ſo dull
That if I wolde apply
To write ornatly
I wot not where to finde
Termes to ſerue my mynde
Gowers englyſhe is olde
And of no value is tolde
His matter is worth golde
And worthy to be enrolde
In Chauſer I am ſped
His tales I haue red
His mater is delectable
Solacious and cõmendable
His engliſh well alowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is enployed
There is no englyſh voyde
At thoſe dayes much commẽded
And now mẽ wolde haue amẽded
His engliſh where at they barke

And

And mar all they warke
Chaucer that famus clerke
His termes were not darke
But pleasaunt, easy, and playne
No worde he wrote in vayne
Also John Lydgate
writeth after an hyer rate
It is difficile to fynde
The sentence of his minde
Yet writeth he in his kinde
No man that can amende
Those maters that he hath pende
Yet some men finde a faute
And say he writeth to haute.
Wherfore holde me excused
If I haue not well perused
Myne englysh halfe abused
Though it be refused
In worth I shall it take
And fewer wordes make
But for my sparowes sake
Yet as a woman may
My wit I shall assay

An Epytaphe to Wright
In latyne playne and lyght
Wherof the Elegy
Folowyth by and by
℣ Flos volucrum formose vale
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas
Qui mihi carus eras
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sydera celo
Impressusq; meo
Pectore semper eris
Per me Laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem
Hec cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore virgo
Candida Nais erat
Formosior illa Joanna est
Docta corinna fuit
Sed magis ista sapit
Bien men soyent

The

☞ The commendacions

Beati immaculati in via
O glo rio sa femi na
☞ Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditacion
Is to take this commendacion
In this consyderacion
And vnder pacient tolleracyon
Of that moste godly mayd
That placebo hath sayd
And for her sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse
Now will I enterprise
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
Her beauty to commend
If Arethusa will send
Me enfluence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo will promyse
Melodyously it to deuyse
His tunable harpe stringes
With armony that synges

Of

Of Princes and of kinges
And of all pleasaunt thinges
Of lust and of delight
Thorow his godly might
To whom be the laude ascrybed
That my pen hath enbybed
With the aureat droppes
As verely my hope is
Of Thagus that golden flood
That passeth al the erthly good
And as that floud dothe pas
All floudes that euer was
With his golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the streames
And ỹ floudes in straũge remes
Ryght so she doth excede
All other of Whom we rede
Whose fame by me shal spryede
Into Perce and Myede
From britons Albion
To the towre of Babilon
I trust it is no shame

And

And noman wyl me blame
Though I regester her name
In the court of fame
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of fresshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She flowrysshyth new and new
In bewtie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Retribue seruo tuo viuifica me
Labia mea laudabunt te
BUt enforsed am I
Openly to askry
And to make an out cry
Agaynst odyous enuy
That euer more will ly
And say cursedly
With his lether ey
And chekes dry
With vysage wan
As wart as tan
His bones crake

Lewe

Lene as a rake
His gummes rusty
Are full vnlusty
His herte with all
Bitter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
His serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneth euer
He laugheth neuer
Euen nor mirow
But other mens sorow
Causeth him to grin
And reioyce therin.
No slepe can him catch
But euer doth watche
He is so bete
With malice and frete
With angre and yre
His foule desyre
Wyl suffre no sleep
In his head to creep

His

His feule semblaunt
Ill displeasaunt
Whan other are glad
Than is he sad
Frantike and mad
His tounge neuer styll
For to say yll
Writhing and wringing
Biting and styngyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth himself
Himself doth slo
With payne and wo
This fals enuy
Sayth that I
Use great folly
For to endite
And for to write
And spende my time
In prose and rime
For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maistres

That

That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacion
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdayne
But yet certayne
I wil be playne
And my stile dres
To this prosses
Now Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And lede my fylt
As him best list
That I may say
Honour alway
Of woman kynde
Trouth doth me binde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedell
To write and tell

How

How women excel
In noblenes
As my mayſtres
Of whom I chynk
With pen and ynk
For to compyle
Some goodly ſtyle
For this moſte goodly floure
This bloſſom of freſh coloure
So Jupiter me ſuccoure
She flouriſheth new and new
In beautie and vertu
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
℣ Legem pone michi domine in
viam iuſtificacionum tuarum
Quē admodū deſiderat cervus
ad fontes aquarum.

HOw ſhal I repoꝛte
All the goodly ſoꝛte
Of her feturꝛes cleere
That hath none erthly peere
Per fauour of her face

Enuewed

Ennewed with all grace
Confort, pleasure and solace
Myne hert dothe so embrace
And so hath rauysshed me
Her to beholde and se
That in Wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To looke on her agayne
Alas What shoulde I sayne
It were a pleasaunt payne
With her aye to remayne
Her eyen gray and stepe
Causeth myne hert lepe
With her browes bent
She may well represent
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Polexene
Or els Caliope
Or els Penolope
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and new

In

In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
Memor eſto verbi tui ſeruo tuo
Seruus tuus ſum ego
The Indy Saphyre blew
Her vaynes dothe enneW
The Orient perle ſo cleere
The whitneſſe of her leere
The luſty ruby ruddes
Reſemble the Roſe buddes
Her lippes ſoft and mery
Emblomed lyke the chery
It were an heuenly bliſſe
Her ſugred mouth to kyſſe
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lent
A Warte vpon her cheke
Who ſo lyſt to ſeeke
In her viſage a ſkar
That ſemith from a far
Lyke to the radyant ſtar
All with fauour fret

So proprely it is set
She is the violet
The daysy delectable
The columbyne commendable
The ielofer amyable
This moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She floryssheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
¶ Bonitatē fecisti cū seruo tuo dña
Et ex precordus sonāt preconia.
And whan I perceyued
Her wart and conceyued
It cannot be denayd
But it was well conuayd
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But ryght conuenyently
And full congruently
As nature coulde deuyse

In moste goodly wyse
Who so lyst beholde
It maketh louers bolde
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The sker vpon her chyn
Enbached on her fayre skyn
Whyter than the swan
It wolde make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She flourisheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
℣ Defecit in salutare tuũ aia mea
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima
SOft and make no dyn (ba ba
For now I wyll begyn
To haue in remembraunce

Her

Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So sad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wolde make to the lure
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hert
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased
Me thought mine hert was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this moste goodly floure
This blossom of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She flowysheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
¶ Quomodo dilixi legem tuã dña.
Recedant vetera noua sunt oia.
AS to amende her tale
Whan she lyst to auale

And with her fyngers smale
And handes soft as sylke
Whyter than the mylke
That are so quickely vayned
Where with my hande she strayned
Lorde how I was payned
Unneth I me refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbrasyng therwith all
Her goodly myddle small
With sydes longe and streite
To tell you what conceite
I had than in a tryce
The matter were to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no vyllany
But only fantasy
For this most goodly floure
The blossome of fresh coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beautie and vertew

Hac

Hac claritate gemina.
O gloziala femina
Iniquos odio habui
Non calumnientur me superbi.
BUt wherefo should I note
How often dyd I toote
Upon her pzety foote
It rayled myne herte roote,
To see her treade the grounde
With heles shozt and rounde
She is playnly expzesse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Impoztured with cozage
A louers pylgrymage
There is no beste sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wolde chaunge his mood
Suche relucent grace
Is fozmed in her face
Foz this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colouze
So Jupiter me succour

She flourisheth newe and newe
In beautie and vertewe
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua (tua
Sicut nouelle plãtacões i iuuẽtute

SO goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to shold I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
How that she can were
Gorgiously her gere
Her freshe habylementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
For this moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure

So

So Jupiter me succour
She florysheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac clarit ate gemina
O glorioſa femina.
Clamaui i toto corde exaudi me.
Via tua magna eſt ſuper me.

HEr kyrtell ſo goodly laſed
And vnder that is brased
Suche pleaſures that I may
Neither wryte nor ſay
Yet though I wryte not with ynke
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath lybertie
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It coſt me lytle or nought
Wolde god mine homely ſtyle
Were puliſhed with the fyle
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayſe her excellence
For this moſte goodly floure
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure

So Jupiter me succoure
She flowysheth new and new
In beaucie and vertew
Hec claritate gemina
O glorioso femina
Principes persecuti sūt me gratis
Dib⁹ cōsideratis. Paradisus vo-
luptatis. Hec virgo est dulcissima.

My pen it is vnable
My hande it is vnstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobre, demure Dyane
Jane this maistres hight
The lode star of delyght
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of worldly treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Pallas
The moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure

She floryſheth new and new
In beautie and vertew
Hac claritate gemenina.
O glorioſa femina.

REquiē eternā dona eis dñe
w this pſalme. Dñe probaſti
Shall ſayle ouer the ſea (me.
With tibi domine commendamus.
On pylgrimage to ſainct Jamys
For ſhrympes, and for pranes
And for ſtalking cranys
And where my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By diſcrete conſideracion
Of your wyſe reformacion
I haue not offended I truſt
If it be ſadly dyſcuſt
It were no gentle guyſe
This treatyſe to diſpyſe
Becauſe I haue written and ſayd
Honour of this fayre mayd
Wherfore ſhould I be blamed
That I Jane haue named

And famously proclamed
She is worthy to bee enrolde
With letters of golde.

¶ Car elle vault.

PEr me Laurigerum Britonũ Skeltonida latem
Laudibus eximiis merito, hec vemedica puella est
Formosam poecinì qua non formosior vlla est
Formosam potius, quam commendaret Homerus
Sic iuuat interdũ regidos recreare labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa minerua mea est.

¶ Bien que plaisere.

¶ Thus endeth ỹ booke of Phillip sparowe, and here foloweth an addicion made by maister Skelton.

The

The gyse nowadayes
Of some ianglyng iayes
Is to discommende
That they cannot amende
Though they wolde spende
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Phillip sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to myscontent
With Phillippes enterement
Alas that goodly mayde
Why should she be afrayde
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate
I coniure thee Phillip sparowe

By

By Hercules that hell did harrow
And with a venemous arrow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or onocentaures
Or hipocentaurius
By whose myght and maine
In hart was slaine
With hornes twayne
Of glyttering golde
And the appels of golde
Of Hesperides withholde
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcyall strength
He wan at lenght
And slew Gerion
With thre bodyes in one
With mighty corage
Auaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a table

Of courlers and rounles
With leapes and bounles
And with mighty luggyng
Wrestlyng and tuggyng
He plucked the bull
By the hornedskull
And offred to Cornucopia
And so furth per cetera
Also by Ecates bower
In Plutus gastly tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent
That in hell is neuer brent
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames
And all the deadly names
Of infernall posty
Where soules fry and rousty
By the stygiall flood
And the streames wood
Of Locitus horumles well

By

By the ferryman of hell
Caron with his berde hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with hys fore top
Gydeth his bote with a prop
I conjure Phillyp and call
In the name of kyng Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytche craft her to dresse
And by her abusyons
And damnable illusions
Of meruelous conclusyons
And by her superstitions
And wonderfull condicions
She rayled vp in that stede
Samuell that was dead
But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuell
Howbe it to Saul dyd he tell
The Philystines should hym asery
And the next daye he should dye

I wyll

I wyll my selfe dyscharge
To lectred men at large
But Phylyp I coniure thee
Now by these names three
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
That thou shortly tell
And shewe nowe vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie

Infera Phillippe Seroupe pulchra Johanna
Instanter perfit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet, est fers, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned
And of this worke complayned
I pray god they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
That folowe as ye may see

Iuride cur liuor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt que fata vulucrem
Est tamen inuidia mors tibi contenua.

Imprynted at London in paules
churche yerde by John wyght

Phillyp sparowes tombe.

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